SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 1903

## MODERN

The Fable of the Business Partner who Handled the More Important Details.

By George Ade.

FABLES.

NCE there were two Nerve Specialists who had gone out into the Clover Belt to separate the

Jays from their Bank Accounts. When they arrived in the High and Unmown they found that the gladsome Reub had been reading the Papers and their Scheme flattened out. So they were trying to get back to New York.

In any part of the U.S. A. when a Pneumatic Enterprise blows up and leaves a Napoleon of Finance



The two nerve specialists reached the

hanging onto the ragged Edge of the Jumping-Off Place, his one Desire in Life is to make a Swift Touch for enough to carry him to Jersey City. He figures that he can swim the rest of the Way.

The two polite Grafters were very keen to get back to the throbbing Metropolis, where so much is happening that one may go Broke without exciting Comment and where the Carnation in the Button-Hole is often doing a Double Turn with the expired Meal Ticket.

But when they did the Committee on Ways and Means they found that they were sitting on the Hard-Pan, with no Assets except some Laundry ready to be sent out and several Letters wishing them all kinds of Luck.

of Luck.

In every Business Combination of two or more there is one Human Fox who is known on the Outside as the Brains of the Concern. He ribs up the Schemes and then allows Mr. Patsy Bolivar to climb over the transom and take all the Chances.

If the Deal explodes he is sitting outside of the Danger Zone, fanning himself and explaining that his Partner did not follow Directions.

Partner did not follow Directions.

Any one who has attended a Physical Culture Soiree may have noticed that the Artist who gets the Decision, after being walloped into a Pulp, never collects the Purse. The Coin is passed over to a pale Gentleman of thoughtful Mien who is known as the Manager. He attends to the Intellectual part of the Game and holds out about 75 per cent of the Gross. If a Manager is very Successful and owns a Spark-Wagon carrying five People he becomes known as a Promoter. If he can induce a large bunch of Good Things to go out and connect with the Wherewithal and then bring most of it up and hand it to him where he is stiting on the Front Porch, drinking his Rickey, then he is known as a Great Financier.

The Bunko Team stranded out in the Prairie Wilder-

The Bunko Team stranded out in the Prairie Wilderness had a Manager, who had sufficient Gall to be a Promoter, and who hoped to be a Great Financier some day, in case the Public forgot to lock up at

Night.

The other half of the Outfit was the Customary Mark. He went out and dug up and then whacked with the Brains of the Concern. He was afraid to cut loose, for the Manager often told him: "Any time you lose me, you stop eating."

"And what would you do if you lost me?" asked the Mark, who was weary of splitting the Receipts.

"I can always find one," replied the astute Manager. "They are born at the rate of one a Minute, and they never get next until it is too late. Do not desert me in this Crisis. If you stick, I think I may be able to find some Work for you to do."

It befell that the Village in which they were shell-roaded had advertised a Balloon Ascension for Independence Day. The Natives refolced in the Fact that the Colonies had thrown off the Yoke of British Tyranny and Oppression, and in order to give evi-



The daring aeronaut had cold feet and refused to go up.

dence of their belated Joy they were going to watch the man go up in the Balloon.

When the Natal Day of our glorious Liberty dawned on the Yap Settlement and the local population began to coagulate along Main street, it was discovered that the daring Aeronaut had been taken with Cold Feet and refused to go up.

The Committee was in despair. Now comes the Part showing the Value of a Manager. The Brains of the Concern went to the Committee and agreed to send his Partner up in the Balloon in consideration of 100 Plunks to him, in the Hand paid. Then he sought out the Patsy end of the Sketch and breke the Good News to him.

the Patsy end of the Sketch and broke the Good News to him.

"We get 100 Samoleons," he explained.

"Where do you come in?" asked the Mark. "If I give the Whole Show and take all the Chances, why not the Long End for me?"

"You forget that it was my Master Mind that evolved the whole Plan," said the Manager. "I have promised to send you up. Therefore, my Reputation as a Manager is at Stake. I think I am entitled to at least 25 per cent on account of the Strain on my Repution. If you should let go of the Trapeze and splatter yourself all over the Landscape, think of the Injury that would be done to my Professional Standing. In addition to thinking out all the details of this Undertaking. I conducted the Business Negotiations with that Skill and Sagacity which are usually lacking in the Common Skate known as the Producer. In other Words, I made them hand over the Currency. In Fact, the Common Skate known as the Producer. In other Words, I made them hand over the Currency. In Fact, I figure that I have done practically everything connected with this Job except the one minor detail of going up in the Balloon. You have been relieved of all Worries and Responsibilities. I have smoothed out the Preliminaries and now all you have to do is to make the Ascension."

make the Ascension."
"I can see that I am lucky to get Half," said the
Mark. "Slip me the Fifty and I will take a Chance.

I need the Money."
"I shall hold the Money until you come back," said
the Manager. "I should prefer not to give it to you
now. If anything happens, it will not be of any Use
to you and might fall into the Hands of Irresponsible Strangers. It is the duty of every good Manager to protect the Financial Interests of those associated

with him."
"But when I am up there dodging Clouds, how am I going to keep Tab on you down here?" asked the

"Don't worry," was the Reply. "If you come out alive today I'm going to send you up again, In fact, I think I shall keep sending you up until something happens. As long as you are good for the Coim I'll

MORAL: Never doubt a Business Man.

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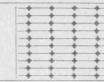


"When I am up there dodging clouds, how am I to keep track of you," he asked.

# THE GREAT IDEA.



By JOSIAH FLYNT And FRANCIS WALTON



T the time Herbert Renshaw, Esq., announced himself a candidate for the office of mayor of Cornville there were three bad men in the Cornville there were three bad men in the municipality, who traveled and transacted business under the names of "Fritzie" Gannes, "Soapy" Wadlow and "Frenchy" Latane. In the class benea.h Ruderick McKlowd they were the greatest and most envied under world celebrities living in the community. "Fritzie" was a gamester from London, "Soapy" was a "tool" from 'Frisco and "Frenchy" was a "stall" from Quebec.

These three bad men detested "pose." In the event of Renshaw's election as mayor the three believed that Cornville would assume a pose of rectitude which would hurt their business. Therefore, when Renshaw's nomination was announced they took counsel with themselves and with Ruderick for the defeat of Renshaw. Ruderick did not give advice unless he

with themselves and with Ruderick for the defeat of Renshaw. Ruderick did not give advice unless he felt like it, and for the most part he did not feel like it. He looked upon "chewing the rag" as a vanity, useless before a man has done his job and ruinous afterward. He was by temperament a "single-handed" specialist; what he had to do professionally he liked to do alone, and no questions asked and no tales told. There were times, however, when Ruderick saw points for his own hand in general discussion, and "Fritzle," "Soapy" and "Frenchy" dropped in upon him at a time when he was meditating the Great Idea. "Fritzle" was the spokesman, and he gave Ruderick conclusive arguments why Herbert Renshaw, Esq.

"Fritzie" was the spokesman, and he gave Ruderick conclusive arguments why Herbert Renshaw, Esq., should not be elected mayor of Cornville.

"If he's elected," "Fritzie" explained, "we'll all have to mooch, and the guns that ain't known here 'll come to town an' rip it open an' get all the plunder. That happens every time a reform administration tries to run the police of a town, an' I tell you straight, Ruderick, I'm gettin' sick of it. I've got my stake in Barwood, an' I think we ought to elect him. Who you goin' to work for, Ruderick? Barwood or Renshaw?" The Great Idea had already found lodgment in Ruderick's mind previous to the visit of the trio. Had they called on him a few days earlier they would in all probability have found him amenable to their suggestions, but they postponed their visit too long. At the time of their call on him he had decided to throw his influence on the side of the reformers.

"There's reform administration, an' there's reform

his influence on the side of the reformers.

"There's reform administration, an' there's reform administrations," he remarked in reply to "Fritzie's" query. "You say Barwood's crooked, an' that's just what I got ag'in him. He's too damn crooked. He's squeezed us blokes right an' left, an' put the dough in his own pocket. He won't live an' let live, that Barwood won't. That kind o' bloke I like to do, an' I'm goin' to do him this election. He's the meanest grafter in this burg, an' you know it an' I know it grafter in this burg, an' you know it an' I know it. What you blokes don't know is that the Renshaw push is goin' to be easy to work. I got a headpiece on me, I have. Renshaw an' his gang don't know you. on me, I have. Renshaw an' his gang don't know you an me from any other four stiffs in town. He'll change the whole force, think'n' they're all crooked, an' them that's turned out'll keep us under cover out o' spite. Things are bound to go that way, an' then we get our graft in an' there ain't no Barwood around to squeeze the profits out of us. See?"

Wadlow, Gannes and Latane were simple-minded men who went about their business with a Homeric directness. They neither read the public prints which favored the candidacy of Herbert Renshaw nor urged among their acquaintances, such reasons as they

among their acquaintances such reasons as they themselves had thought of why it was to the interest of the under world that Mayor Barwood should not be re-elected. They simply got themselves constituted the official guardians of the ballot box and Judges of the election in a single ward. They had been judges of election the first time Mayor Barwood had been a candidate for the office he held, and had found

hind locked doors and smoked Henry Clay perfectos and drank whisky and club soda, and received re-ports from time to time. They sat a long time. They made no effort to count the votes; they took turns

sleeping, the sentinels keeping themselves and each other awake at an endless game of twenty-five cent ante, ten-dollar limit. There was a dispute in the Thirteenth ward, which lasted all the night following the close of the polls and the next day and the night after that. There was understood to be a dispute in the Nineteenth ward also in regard to the admissibility of certain votes. At 7 o'clock on the second morning of the twenty-five-cent ante a message arrived that the dispute in the Thirteenth was settled. Barwood needed a majority of 500 in the Nineteenth to elect him, and as the count stood he had a majority of but 200 odd. The faces of the four men about the card table were gray and sticky with fatigue, but a glance of understanding passed round as each man turned his hand forward to make his last bet.

"There's nothin' like an honest count, blokes, is there?" remarked Ruderick, with a yawn.

When Mayor Renshaw came into his kingdom he When Mayor Renshaw came into his kingdom he governed it so as to save his own soul. He had sworn to execute the law, and it was no part of his reading of the rules of duty that a man should get binself damned out of a consideration for other people. Mayor Renshaw closed the dance halls. He closed the gambling helis also, which is to say he scattered gambling broadcast throughout the town.

Before his ascession to office there had been a limited with the control of th

Before his ascession to office there had been a limited number of more or less recognized and responsible spots in the town where a man who was determined to lose money might do so without great risk of violence or fraud; after his accession to office a man never knew whether he was "up against" mathematics or against the game which is called "the sure thing"; therefore, since the charm of adventure was a new and strange one in Cornville, every one who gambled at all gambled more and oftener in Mayor Renbled at all gambled more and oftener in Mayor Renshaw's reign than before. Drinking places he did not close, because he could not, though he limited them strictly to the terms of their license; wherefore willful men drank by the bottle after hours instead of by the

men drank by the bottle after hours instead of by the glass. But his great achievement was the creation of a police force that did not know how to wink. The inability of Edwin Cowles, Esq., to wink glorified all his remaining inabilities in Mayor Renshaw's eyes, who begged him to sacrifice himself on the altar of divic duty by accepting an appointment as chief of police. Mayor Renshaw said that neither he nor his subordinates should take tithes from the harvest of sin and shame, and Edwin Cowles sacrificed himself. Both played their destinad part in the realization of Both played their destined part in the realization of

the Great Idea.

Then was the city of Cornville delivered into the Then was the city of Cornville delivered into the hands of the three bad men. who opened it as their oyster, and that was their destined part in the realization of the Great Idea, "Fritzle" Gannes, with his "sure thing" enterprises, reaped a harvest which he had never supposed Cornville could produce. He learned that a town is never so guilible as when reform attempts to tell it that it "shan't." "Soapy" Wadlow and "Frenchy" Latane made similar agrecable discoveries. The new police force could no more tell when a pocket was being picked; they couldn't even tell when one had been picked, unless they found the "weeded leather" on the ground, and "Soapy" and "Frenchy" dipped deep with impunity. It is also to be remarked that they were not called on to pay a perremarked that they were not called on to pay a per-centage of their winnings to the "wise." Indeed, the three were so pleased with their success that they determined to combine interests, and make a "run" on Richard Englar's bank. It was decided that the easiest way to achieve the "run" was to approach the building through a subterranean passage, and the three started to dig a tunnel.

When affairs were in this posture and the tunnel nearly complete, Ruderick McKlowd stepped one day off a train which had brought him out of the beyond. The Great Idea had taken him away from Cornville soon after Herbert Renshaw was elected mayor, and

to understand that you are looking for a new man for your detective force. I have had considerable experience in the detective business, and I should like to be your new man, if you're satisfied with my credentials. Do you care to look at them?"

The reform a ministration "allowed" that it would like the state of th

The reform acministration "allowed" that it would like to see Ruderick's credentials.

"I see that you are certified to as being a very 'wise' man," remarked Mr. Cowles, after a hasty perusal of Ruderick's papers. "I suppose that word 'wise' is merely a technical term in police parlance." "That's what it is, Mr. Cowles."

"You have some acquaintance, have you, with the criminal classes? We very much need a man who understands the ways of thieves."

"Of course I don't set myself up as anything extraordinary, Mr. Cowles, but you've got my record in those papers. I certainly ought to know something about the criminal classes."

"Well. Mr. McKlowd, I'll take your name into consideration and notify the authorities that you have made application for the position. I will send you their decision tomorrow. Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Cowles."

Three days later there was astonishment, bewilderment and profanity in the under world. Ruderick McKlowd had been appointed chief of detectives in the town of Cornville, and the under world wondered what the appointment meant. Ruderick McKlowd's office was besieged by guns, who desired to know what was what and what was "doing." was what and what was "doing." Among the be-siegers were three who had come by special summons. The three bad men were invited into Ruderick's private office, where, by judicious questioning, they were made to declare that they had nothing whatever and had not done any business in the town since reform administration went into power, and that they

had been "ditched" by Ruderick's idea, and were sick of the place and ready to quit it. To all of this Ruderick listened with politeness. When they had finished his reply was exemplary and

significant.
"Blokes," he said, "I ain't much on chewin' the "Blokes," he said, "I ain't much on chewin' the rag, but I'm more'n a little glad o' what you've told me, 'n' that you're sick o' the town. I'm particular glad you're not mixed up in that tunnel business under Englar's bank. The fellers that's done that has got to choke it off—see? I can't stand for it. Anythin' else 'ts been done 'fore I got here ain't any o' my business. For yourselves, my tip as an old pal, since you're sick o' this town, is to get shet of it by the next rattler. I guess you've made your pile by the next rattler. I guess you've made your pile here anyhow, an' its' time 't you get your graft in elsewhere. If you sprint you can catch that 7:30 this evenin'. It 'ud give me a pain to see you here after 8 o'clock tonight. So long, blokes. Take care o' your-

after Ruderick's historic warning to the three bad men-Judge Barwood was summoned from his bed by an importunate visitor, who made himself agreeable by opening his business with the tender of a retaining fee. The fee was a bundle of fifty-dollar notes; the man was, in appearance, perhaps 60 years of age, powerful, deformed, inordinately slouch-hatted, great-coated, long haired and whiskered.

"The bilk, to the best of my belief, are gen-u-ine;

your beard, to the best of my belief, is not," said the lawyer.
"I do not offer you the beard as a retainer. I offer

"And the voice in which you offer them is so far from being your own that you make me doubt whether the bills, however gen-u-ine, are gen-u-inely yours."
"You seem to be a person of some penetration,"

said the visitor.

"If you had not thought so before you came you would not be here." said the lawyer.

"I should like to see the chief," he said. The chief granted the desired interview.

"Mr. Cowles," Ruderick began, "I have been given

'And that's soon said," replied the lawyer, laying "And that's soon said," replied the lawyer, laying the bills on the table between him and his client with a gesture that neither took them nor left them. "Try a seat," he said, standing before an open fire. "Take off your coat and hat and make yourself at home."

Judge Barwood had a good gray eye with a twinkle in it and the accent of his invitation was jocular.

"I am much more comfortable with them on; the room is cold," said the visitor.

The thermometer on the jam of the door registered.

The thermometer on the jam of the door registered in the full gaslight 73 degrees.

"Just so," said Barwood appreciatively; "and now about the business."

"The business is the height of simplicity. I have stolen \$50,000. For personal reasons I object to any one's attempting to pursue me and to take away the

money."

The visitor also had a good gray eye.

"And that's a very natural objection, too," said
the man of law. "The plainest way to avoid it is to
send the money back."

"If I had been looking for the plainest way I should
not have had to come to your honor for advice."

The two pairs of good, gray eyes looked into one
another with appreciation.

"This," said the judge, "looks like a fishy business.
And what is very much to the point in an affair of this
magnitude, that bundle of notes on the table is too

magnitude, that bundle of notes on the table is too small to be looked at without discomfort." That bundle of notes is not a small fee for listen-

ing to me tell you that I have stolen fifty thousand dollars. That is all I have asked for it. When you have told me how to keep the fifty thousand the bundle on the table will be bigger."

"It would have to be a great deal bigger."
"Would it set a limit to its bigness if the man ou of whom the fifty thousand comes has done you dirt?" There were not a great many men in Cornville from whom fifty thousand could be lifted. Barwood's

Barwood's face broadened into a grim smile.
"You are quite resolved not to be advised to put
e money back?"
"Onita"

'It is really my duty to urge the point."

"You have urged it."

Barwood, with a grim smile still lingering on his face, strode for a time up and down the room. He came at last to a halt in his former station before

Could you steal any more?" he asked gravely. "How much more, for example?"
"Well, say a second fifty thousand. You could hardly make a deal with less."

"I have stolen a second fifty thousand," said the visitor, drawing a considerable parcel from under his cloak and laying it on the table. "I calculated myself that it would take just a second fifty to protect ou seem to be a client of great forethought,"

said the lawyer.
"It needs a client of great forethought to employ an attorney of great penetration," said the visitor.

"It is only to settle where and when I am to let you know what I have done. I suppose you can trust yourself not to get caught," said Barwood.

This was unkind: the powers that rule were become a joke in Cornville, and Renshaw, who had been

Barwood's rival, was the point of the joke. "I can trust myself a good deal better not to get caught if I don't trust any one else with my address. When I want to know what you have done I will come and ask you. Good night, Mr. Attorney." "Good night, Mr. Scamp."

The two men parted with mutual respect and good-

Barwood had made it a point of conscience in the conduct of his life, when he had a thing to do which was agreeable to himself and disagreeable to some one else, never to procrastinate. There was besides another reason in the present case for dispatch. It

did not enter into his views for his client that Richard Englar should not have a chance to keep his loss un-

"Mr. Englar," he said, with the regret which a man throws into his voice when he speaks of the misfortune of a personal enemy, "I am informed that you have just been robbed of a hundred thousand. A man so bundled up that I could name nothing of him visited me at my house just now and told me so; he added that you could not find him, and that if you did find him the money would be either dissipated or spent in conducting his defense. If you guarantee to make no effort to find him and to keep the affair out of the hands of the state, he offers you \$25,000; \$25,000 to take or leave. I don't know whether this offer is real either, nor how he expects you to get the money; certainly he gave me no name or address. He told me nothing but what I state and then he took his leave. I made no attempt to lay hands on him. I didn't want to deprive you of your chance to recover \$25,000, nor our new police force of its chance, of distinguishing itself." 'Mr. Englar," he said, with the regret which a

tinguishing itself."

There is, singularly, little more to tell. Englar and his board of directors had a meeting before daylight that morning, ascertained the truth and moved motions and passed resolutions. They resolved to get the thief if they could: they resolved that they could not afford to let \$25,000 slip through their fingers; they resolved for the present to keep the loss concealed from the public press and from the state. They consulted with Judge Barwood and instructed him to notify his client, if his client should again enter into communication with him, that they had taken his offer under advisement; secretly they employed one Ruderunder advisement; secretly they employed one Ruderick MeKlowd to find out what he could about the robbery. Judge Barwood's client did not at this time again enter into communications with him, and Ruderick found only that the tunnel, by means of which the bank had been entered, had been made by one Gannes, with the assistance of two companions, named Wadlow and Latane, respectively; but he soon obtained word that they were in Philadelphia, actually in detention at the time the bank was broken into. Of their whereabouts since their release nothing could be learned.

Englar said that Ruderick was as big an ass as the rest of the front office, and must have turned "fly cop" because he could not make a living as a thief. The directors of the bank once more consulted with Judge Barwood and instructed him to notify his client, if his client should again enter into communication with him, that they accepted his offer. Some days afterward they bound themselves, their heirs and assigns in a manner and form which Barwood thought worth \$25,000 to himself and his night visitor, and in return for the document he paid that amount.

Two nights later he was going home from his office Two hights later he was going nome from his onice in the dusk when a quavering voice demanded an alms. The speaker was a patched and battered figure; a decrepit old man, wild-eyed and wild-haired. "It's only a drink I want," repeated the beggar, as he shuffled along at Barwood's side. "You see 't I'm no liar—I don't want nothin' to eat. I want a drink. It cally costs a dime hose." It only costs a dime, boss."

They had reached a stretch of field through which Barwood was wont to make a short cut to his home, and as he left the sidewalk and turned into the field path the beggar suddenly straightened himself, dropped the whine in his voice and, tapping Barwood familiarly on the shoulder, said: "I say, Mr. Attorney, hand over that agreement that you made for me with Englar."

A fortnight later Ruderick was discharged from the Cornville force for drunkenness and incompetence. The expectations he had raiser when Chief Cowles engaged him he had not fulfilled. Upon his discharge he paid a visit to Chicago, where he kept a safe de-posit vault, in which he placed, among other things, the agreement which Judge Barwood had obtained for his unknown client. This was the finishing touch iz his unknown client. This was t the realization of the Great Idea.

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## WONDERFUL

At this age, too, he was able to read Greek and

Latin almost as well as he could English. He also One of the most remarkable boys the world ever saw was William Pitt. He astonished folk with his learning at the age of 7. He became prime minister of England when he was 24. was well informed on the politics of the day and on a variety of subjects about which only men of learning are supposed to know anything.

At 14 he was able to take the works of Thucydides,

of England when he was 24.

He was a sickly boy, but he took all the out of door exercise his delicate frame could bear, and was as eager to study as most boys are to play. He would not let his weak body stop his work, and he was reading angient history at a gas when most children are written in Greek, and read page after page, turning it into excellent English as he read, and this off-hand translation of his is said to have been almost without ing ancient history at an age when most children are reading stories written in words of one syllable.

His father was the great Earl of Chatnam and the boy was brought into contact with all the great men of the time it. England. When he was 13 years old he wrote a tragedy which he called "Laurentine, King Chesisium".

WILLIAM

His father spoke of him as "eager Mr. William, the counselor, the philosopher." At the age of 14 he entered the great University of Cambridge in England, and at once, in spite of his youth, took a high place among the students at that celebrated place of

PITT --- ELECTED nurse, and all through his course there he was in so poor a condition physically, that it was doubted if he ever would be able to finish the course.

he ever would be able to finish the course.

But hard study seemed to agree with him, and when he graduated, at the age of 17, he was much stronger than when he entered the university.

At an age when most boys are preparing to enter college, or if they are very clever, have just become freshmen, young Pitt won the degree of master of arts from one of the greatest universities in the world and began to study law.

At 21 he was elected to the bar, and the same year was elected a member of parliament to become prime

was elected a member of parliament, to become prime while he was yet a law student, and only 18 years old, he attracted the attention of prominent men by his clear views on the question of government, which

then were perplexing the rulers of England. The boy was invited everywhere, and men holding the most important offices listened to his advice and asked his

His friends wanted him to go into parliament when he was 20 and all predicted for him a brilliant career. It was curious to see this delicate strippling, a boy in looks and years, meeting the great and wise men of the country as an equal and conversing on even terms with the most learned scholars of the day. Young Pitt used to like to listen to the debaters in the British parliament, and Mr. Fox, the great statesman, meeting him once after a debate, was astonished at the manner in which the boy criticised the eminent men who had spoken and pointed out where they could have made their argument stronger. One of the hardest works to understand that ever

was written is a book called "Cassandra," written by a man named Lycophronis. It is written in Greek. A learned man placed the book in the hands of young Pitt when the boy was 16 years old and he read it at first sight, translating into English as he read and explaining it in a manner which made the learned man declare that had he not seen it he "would have believed it to be beyond the power of human intellect."

When Pitt was 16 his father declared that he would be a great statesman, and was the hope of the country. Other folks soon became of his father's way of thinking and that is why they put him into parliament when he was so young and made him prime

ment when he was so young and made him prime minister so soon after.

He fulfilled all that was expected of him and ruled gland during thirteen of the most eventful years of

Stories of Huge Feet.

(Tid-Bits.)

The conversation turned on big feet, when one of the company said he believed the never fell down when he was the never fell down when he salpad down. With the sales of his pal. Smith, would take some beating in that line.

"It was out walking when he silpped down, with the sales of his pal. Smith would take some beating in that line.

"It was out walking to a strange country. As in his actual was the poor fellow had such he said to the lower for time he awas."

"How hours in the saddle. I expected to for time he awas."

"Funny that morning and the corner." that's rather tall, but he was rather proprieted, he was rather proprieted, he was the nearly and sold in the states the out of his point had been rudely modeled. The corner that's rather tall, but he work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and by \$0 clock a needle with work shop and the corner. That's rather tall, but he never fell down when he sall it is after the hought he was rather thought he was rather that hull he corner. That's rather tall but he never fell own when he sa

PARLIAMENT